

TENISON'S EXHIBITION ODE.

The following are the words of Tenison's Ode to be sung to Professor Bennett's music at the opening of the International Exhibition in London:

With a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's inventions
strewed,
And under th' incense universal Load,
Who lets men more to prove like nations come,
Where Science, Art, and Labor have won,
I pause.

Then my soul's plenty at our feet,

O silent father of our King to be,
Mount'd in this golden bough of gold,

For this, for all, we say our thanks to him.

The world's campagna plan was this,

And, in the long infections of life,
Of Palace; and great cities,

Rush in model design;

Harvests and industry,

Loam, and wheels, and engines,

Strengths of the nation's might,

Steel, iron, and coal, and stone.

Fairies rough, or Fairies fine,

Sunrise tokens of the day,

Polar auroras, and a frost

Of winter, out of West and East,

And shapes and hues of Part divine;

All beauty, all, of use,

That one fair planet can produce,

Brought from every star,

From every sun, every star,

And mixt, as life is mixt, in vain,

The works of peace with works of war.

Or ye, who grow, who think, the wise who judge,

From growing commerce loss for latest claim,

Are not the world's improvements greater?

To happy hearts under all the sky,

And mixt the seasons and the golden hours,

Till each man find his own to all men's good,

And all men work in noble brotherhood,

Breaking their mailed hosts and armed powers,

And gathering all the fruits of Peace, and

enriched with all the flowers.

AGRICULTURAL.

We invite attention to this department of the Journal, as one of special interest to the Agriculturist.

We propose to devote two or more columns to agricultural matter chiefly,

always aiming to give a choice selection of the best thoughts and experiences of practical farmers on every subject connected with the farm.

This department can be made one of great value to every farmer in Bennington County with a very little exertion on their part; namely, by giving to the public the results of their experience. We therefore invite any who may be disposed, to send us their views on any subject which is of interest to the farmer, and we will cheerfully give as much space as is practicable to all such communications. It is our purpose to make this department worthy the perusal of every one who has an interest in such matters.

Gentlemen, please give us your experience on this subject.

From the New England Farmer.

HINTS ON AGRICULTURE.

The rule of every farm, unless in

extraordinary situations of fertility, is to expand it two-thirds of whatever is grown; such a farm cannot be worn out, but with decent management, is constantly growing better.

Countries which have the largest population, where agriculture is thoroughly practiced, grow more and more productive. Belgium is the most thickly settled country in Europe; it has been cultivated like a garden, for centuries, and its yearly produce is constantly increasing.

There is, doubtless, a limit to the possible production of a farm, but we doubt if it was ever reached; we think sixty bushels of wheat to an acre a great yield, and so it is, compared with our average harvests of ten or fifteen, but it is quite possible, by high culture, to raise one hundred bushels on an acre.

Drilling saves two-thirds the seed alone, and often increases by one-third the crop; the saving of the seed alone, in one year on a good-sized farm, would pay for the machine.

In broadcast sowing some of the seed is buried too deeply; some lies upon the surface; here it is crowded together; there it is separated too widely. The drill places the seed just where it is wanted; the proper depth for wheat is from one to two inches.

The time will come when wheat drilled in rows will be cultivated as corn—with an immense increase in its productiveness.

Wherever land needs manuring, it pays to manure it well. Suppose ten dollars' worth of manure on an acre of land gives you a crop worth thirty dollars, and twenty dollars' worth gives you a crop worth only forty dollars, you are still the gainer, and will be for years to come.

A tree planted over the grave of Roger Williams enveloped his skeleton with its roots so completely as to preserve the form of the bones. In some parts of Connecticut there are little family-burying grounds in the orchards, and the trees nearest to the graves flourish with a remarkable fertility. We may have scruples about consuming or selling our ancestors in the form of apple butter, but it is certain that every bone is worth its weight in gold, as a manure. A few bones at the roots of a fruit tree or grape vine will supply it for a dozen years with just the nutriment it requires.

The best wheat fields in Europe are its old battle-fields. No man who has a farm or garden should ever sell bones or ashes. Straw is worth more for manure than it ever brings when sold in market.

Our farmers think they do very well to get ten dollars net profit from an acre of land, but it would be poor acre of garden that did not pay a hundred, and we have orchards that pay a thousand. There are pear trees that have paid a hundred dollars a year for several successive years.

Every dollar of manure on a farm is better than five dollars in any bank or stock, that we know of. It is a good stock that pays ten per cent. It must be badly managed farm where a deposit of manure will not pay three hundred per cent.

We need model farms and agricultural schools; but where these important institutions are wanted it would not be a bad plan to spend a day or two with those eccentric but very benevolent people and admirable farmers, the Shakers.

In a Shaker community, you have the material below the general average; but made the most of in certain directions. Agricultural and domestic manufacturers, carried out thoroughly, with

the most important objects, temperature and frugality, will make them rich. In England, farmers prefer to lease them. They prefer to expand their capital in stock, and manure and labor, rather than shut it up in the land—but the man who wants a home for his family and his posterity, must own the land he cultivates, and the every acre he drains, every tree he plants, every load of manure he plows into it, will add to its permanent riches.

At the creation, man's appointed work was the cultivation of the earth, and there are many whose talents are inferior in this respect. I think it will be so until all the other works are subordinate to this. Canals are dug, railroads are constructed, cities are built, warehouses, manufactories and ships are all constructed for the sole purpose of benefiting the lords and cultivators of the soil. All the presents of civilization rest upon this one. Perfect independence is impossible, but the old fashioned farmer, who is able to produce for himself all the real necessities, comes very near to it.

A bed of muck or manure on a farm is better than a gold mine, in a long run; when the gold is exhausted, that is the end of it; but the enriched farm will pour out crops for a century.

When a fruit tree has exhausted its fruit-forming material, it must stop bearing. Try a load of muck or ashes, bone dust, &c., dug in from six to twelve feet from the trunk, and you will be satisfied.

Every dead animal on a farm which is not eaten as food, should be stored with loam, rotten leaves, old plaster, powdered charcoal, leached ashes, or other absorbents, so as to make a compost of manure that will be worth, in the long run, more than it would have sold for when living.

The science of agriculture is to know how to convert the waste and apparently valueless matters around us into the richest and most important production of life. The business of the farmer is one of the greatest dignity.

It is to assist the Almighty in His

work of creation. It is to increase the beauty and fertility of the earth.

North Charleston N.H. H. B.

VALUE OF SOOT AS A MANURE.—In response to an inquiry relative to the worth of soot as manure, the Working Farmer replies:

Its chief component is carbon, and in so divided a form as to be nearly equal to a solution in water. As soot is formed on the side of a chimney, thousands of cubic feet of atmosphere are passing over it, much diluted by air, and containing ammonia; this is absorbed by soot, its fine carbon retaining the ammonia, and in a condition not defined by chemistry, but certainly known in practice to have high value.

In England the soot from both wood and bituminous coal is habitually saved, and many farmers buy it largely. In this country, soot, in common with many other valuable substances, is wasted. Some English farmers use thousands of bushels annually, and with great profit, applying twenty-five to fifty bushels per acre. Its great value, however, is for the compost heap, where it not only absorbs new quantities of ammonia, but assists in insuring that kind of decay of woody fiber known as *ermacauis*, and arresting the putrid fermentation, which frequently is so violent as to cause the loss of much of the volatile products, producing the condition known as *fire-junging*. Soot may also be used like other finely divided powders, for dusting over young turpines and other plants infested with the turnip fly, and after performing this office, it will find its way into the soil.

SQUINS FROM PRENTICE.—We don't think there will be much of a crop of rebels the next season, though all that we see now are remarkably steady.

The Southern Editors recommend that the cotton and tobacco crops be burned lest they fall into our hands. For the same reason the rebel armies might be burned with the cotton and tobacco.

It is thought that John Bell ran away from Nashville because he was afraid of being caught by some Bell-hangers.

Two months ago George N. Saunders issued a proclamation inviting the great Northwest to come into the Southern Confederacy. The great Northwest has gone in.

They tell us Gen. Sigel was not educated at West Point, but he fights like a man educated at all points.

The U. S. Government has laid a great wager against the Southern Confederacy—Gen. H. Wager Halleck.

Perhaps the rebels were more reconciled to leaving Kentucky and Missouri because these are hemp States.

Having now obtained *Footwear* in Tennessee, we expect to send our *Porter* or our *Bullock* with a message to our Southern friends, and grant the privilege of paying their debts to the North as well as securing their "rights," of which they *know* much, and may the *Pillow* under their leaders heads be as solid and scorpions till they pay the *Price* of treason, and their rebel carcasses be *Polk'd* into their traitorous *Tombs*.—Louisville Journal.

AN ADVENTURE OF GEN. SIGEL.—A letter from Missouri, received in Boston, stating that just before the Pea Ridge battle, in Arkansas, Gen. Sigel, finding that he could not depend upon the reports of spies, rigged himself out as a cigar peddler, and went through the rebel camp. It was by means of information thus obtained that he was enabled to make such a disposition of our forces as to defeat the enemy in that desperate battle.

PLASTER FOR POTATOES.—In this section, we think plaster or gypsum a profitable dressing for potatoes. Sometimes it does little, if any good; but again the effect is quite beneficial, and as the cost is slight, it is always worth while to sow a bushel or so per acre at the time of planting, or after the potatoes are up. In some experiments of our own, not yet published, the effect of plaster was quite beneficial, especially in arresting the ravages of the disease.—*Genesee Farmer*.

MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP AT SHEARING.—When sheep are sheared as soon as the fleece is off take a stiff brush, dipped in a solution of salt and soap (whale-oil soap is best) in water, and rub them all over with a white loather or foam. This stimulates the skin to redness, and prevents the animal taking cold, loosens the surt, and promotes the future growth of the wool, and also improves its quality.—The application is a sure extermination of the vermin. For want of the brush, a woolen rag might answer the purpose. The application, if used, will be found productive of many good results.

It is stated that Beauregard is in sore want of money. This is strange when we consider what a big check Buell and Grant lately gave him on the bank of the Teesseeus.

Prentice says unquestionably the rebels have immense energy, but it has all settled in their legs.

Isn't it a trifle odd that a man finds it hard to knock under when he's knocked over?

Please give a call when you come to town.

FRENCH & KINGSLEY.

A "SCREAM" TURTLE DOVE.—A lovely and amiable young creature in Nashville, recently wrote the following letter to her lover, who is a prisoner at Camp Morton, Indiana:

John, I want you to write and tell me about the fight, and how many Lincoln devils you killed. I would like to be there to see them Lincoln devils dead over. It would have done my soul good to have seen them fall by thousands. John, as you are a prisoner, and cannot have the pleasure of killing Lincoln devils, I believe I will take your place, and I tell you what I will kill like Yankees, I will do more for them than Morgan has done for them. Tell you Morgan is taking up the burg for them; he is doing the work for them. John, I wish I was a man, I would come out there when they come in Shelby I will get some of their skelps and hang them up in my room for you to look at. I will be Jeff davise till the tenise river freezes over, and then be for him, and scratch on the ice—

Jeff davise rides a white horse

Lincoln rides a mule,

Jeff davise is a gentleman,

And Lincoln is a fool.

I wish I could send them Lincoln devils some pies, they would never want any more to eat in this world.—May Jeff ever be with you. This is from a good southern rights girl, from your cousin.

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